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A VOLUNTEER'S GRAVE

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

Not long ago, it was a bird
In vacant lilac skies
Could stir the sleep that hardly closed
His laughing eyes.

But here where murdering thunders rock
The lintels of the dawn,
Altho they shake his shallow bed,
Yet he sleeps on.

Another spring with rain and leaf
And buds serenely red,
And this field will have forgot
Its youthful dead.

And, wise of heart, who loved him best
Will be forgetting, too,
Even before their own beds gleam
With heedless dew.

Yet what have all the centuries
Of purpose, pain, and joy
Bequeathed us lovelier to recall
Than this dead boy?

THE PATH TO PEACE

BY CHARLES KELSEY GAINES

THE roads whose goal is peace, now as of yore,
Are trodden first by armies, and they lead
Athwart the field of battle; where the roar
Of cannon calls the reapers; and the seed
Which in the harvest yields the richest meed
Is watered by the life-blood of the sower.
The plough comes last; the axe still goes before.